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The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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THE CHEERFUL LETTER.

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A THANATOPSIS.

Death is an angel with two faces.
To us he turns
A face of terror, blighting all things fair:
The other burns
With glory of the stars, and love is there;
And angels see that face in heavenly places.

Two strong, sharp swords are in the hands of Death:
One smites to dust
Dear Beauty's idol and the thrones of power,
And long, sweet years in the brief, awful hour
Vanish because they must;
His other and his stronger sword is just.
It slays untruth and mocks at this world's lust,
Giving Eternity by one stopped breath,—
O Liberating Death!

Strive, O my soul, to see
The heavenly face and that delivering sword,
Till I shall be
All fashioned truly to the incarnate Word,
And live, not knowing Death, in thee, O Lord!

—*Theodore C. Williams.*

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?

You must not be satisfied here with the notion, simply, of everlasting life—life of endless duration. The promise is of the life without bound or measure—what Jesus Christ calls "abundant life," which is best expressed now not by our word "Eternal," but by the word "Infinite."

The low-toned English satirist, Mr. Mallock, published a book, in answer to the question, Is Life Worth Living? which he supposed to be widely mooted and which is often answered in the negative in the society in which he lives.

His own solution is that Life is Worth Living by people who believe there is anything beyond this life; and he eagerly commends us to the authority of some church which can compel us to think so.

The truth is that man is not all alone. He is, if you please to put it so, one leaf on a tree, of which the name is mankind; or one speck in the mutual attractions of a universe, which obeys one harmony, and of which no part can move as a unit. No law of life can be given, nor any estimate of it passed, which does not judge of each person as a related being—a being in relation to all mankind.

It happened to me, in early life, to spend some weeks in a large seaport town, where I was thrown into intimate relations with people of all classes. I noticed at once that, in the poorest house in the place, there would be on the mantel a shell from the West Indies, or a letter from an absent son in Kamtschatka, or a shark's tooth from Tahiti. The simplest and poorest people were in relation with all the world, for the exigencies of navigation had carried their friends to the very corners of the ocean. I could not but contrast the place with another place I knew, where no accident ever led a boy to emigrate, where the most distant interest was the interest in the South Parish or the Village at the Crossing, and that day was indeed eventful in which by good luck a horse had run away in the village street, and

had thus disturbed the serene monotony of the town's life. I do not say that the seafaring people were more virtuous than the others. But I do say they gained more from life. Their lives were, in some lines, larger than those of the manufacturing town. They had an easier chance, or so it seems at first sight, to enter into the general life of the world, just so far as they were free from the danger of dropping back to build their own houses, watch their own digestion, or repent too often of the same sins. I do not say they were any better—because as their temptations were less, their responsibility was more. I do say that they had a better chance than the others to know what is meant when men talk of the interwoven or mutual common life of the world.

A great man once said to me that the chief in the establishment where he was brought up died wretched, because he had nothing but the business of that establishment to think of; "and I," said he, laughing, "do not mean to die of that disease." We were young men when he said it. He kept his promise good; and, on the one hand, while the world has had occasion to bless him at a thousand points, where he has helped the world, he has, of course, helped himself all the time in the endless joy of a life whose relations, when I last heard of him, were always growing wider and wider. Now, if such danger of moroseness, as we observed, impends where a man thinks of only a certain line of manufacture, how much more critical the danger when he thinks not of his mills, but of himself all the time.

Paul says sadly, at the end of a discussion of this subject, "None of us liveth unto himself, and no man dieth unto himself." This is very certain: that the man who defies this law, and tries to live for himself, finds that he cannot do even that. For him there is nothing left but to die as quietly as he may —unless he will turn about also—and become as a little child.

To all which the reply is made in a thousand forms: "Oh! you do not know how limited is the scene of my life! I do not correspond with Alaska or Tahiti. Mr. Gladstone and Prince Bismarck do not consult me. My life is a very narrow one, and my means are very narrow." It is in answer to such questions that I have lately been preparing, for use in another place, some true stories of the work in the world of very simple people in very simple homes, who might fairly urge this plea.

"Sixteen months ago, seven 'tramps' were kept in jail here for some weeks, and six of them sent to prison on sentences varying from one to three years. The sheriff decidedly disapproved of my seeing them or having anything to do with them; and, as there were other prisoners I was more interested in, I did not see them for some time. But, one Sunday, I was allowed to make their acquaintance. I went straight to the cell where the particularly mutinous one was 'in durance vile,' and confronted a bright, black-eyed, handsome boy, defiant to the last degree, but nice to me at once. It was the same boy who, as I wrote you, sought refuge from his dismal surroundings by reading Longfellow. His name was Robert. I saw him only three or four times, but he interested me unusually from the first. Then there was Smith, a waif of over twenty,—the boy who had never had a home, and was *looking forward to the prison* as a place that would be 'home'; and Percival, who, according to his own story, had had plenty of opportunities, but preferred stealing to working; and William Jones, who looked and acted exactly like a monkey, and whose moral nature seemed less than a blank; and little, blue-eyed, smart, fifteen-year-old Pluck, who had fallen into the clutches of a great ruffian Pennsylvanian miner, who could neither read, write, nor tell the truth; and one other, a boy of such irrepressible spirits that he is frequently sent to the solitary in prison for *inordinate laughing*. These men were dirty and ragged and utterly demoralized. Robert, or 'Bruce,' as he calls himself, and Smith were the only ones I thought of writing to, or hoped to influence. After the other six had gone to the State-prison, Jones, at the end of a long jail sentence, came to us at my father's house, and worked faithfully and honestly all summer.

"Smith, from the first of his prison life, has done well. He found the prison pleasanter than any place he ever knew before. His monthly letters to me were pathetically cheerful, and his record has been perfect. Think of his writing at the beginning of his imprisonment, 'I received a *Harper's Weekly* and I suppose it must have come from you; for I don't think there is another person in the world who would think of me.' Now he wants to begin, when he has liberty, a new life.

"Little Pluck slipped out of my knowledge, some gentleman at the prison having become interested in him and undertaken to provide him a situation. Percival is doing well,—very well indeed. He writes me manly, good letters, and seems steadfastly determined to make an honest man,

after all. And the dreadful Pennsylvanian, 'Square-toes,' whom I thought—to my disgrace I confess it—just a little beyond the pale of humanity, wrote me last summer the most horrid scrawl, which I could hardly read,—the wickedest letter. I just burnt it, I never thought of answering it. But months after comes another, in which the poor fellow tells me how day after day he had looked for the answer which did not come. I replied, of course, and asked him to learn how to write; and that poor fellow, who spent the first six months of his time in prison in open rebellion, has learned to write a good letter, and is now keeping all the rules, has 'come to the conclusion that crooked ways don't pay,' and is really trying to be a good cooper. The boy who laughs never was very bad; and I do not know him as well as the others, although we write to one another. But Robert has more than responded to my best hopes. For one year I waited, with no sign to encourage me. He went to prison, saying that all he asked was that he might be put in a cell with a first-class burglar, so that he might be fairly trained to the business. I send you two of his letters, which tell their own story. He always writes me every writing day and has not broken a rule since the first of November. The poor boy passed through a time of terrible remorse, and has not yet found the peace that I hope he will find. I have sent him some printed sermons, and have for him Mr. Hughes's 'Manliness of Christ.' That book is a blessed boon for my boys.

"My song of seven is ended. I have told you only of some things I have done for them. I cannot so easily tell you of the other side,—what they have done for me, what every one whom we try to help does for us."

And here is another letter, describing the confirmation by the Bishop of five persons, two of whom, earnest and brave young men,—apparently of good Christian purpose,—were but two years ago among the outcast loafers of a small factory village,—drunken, profane, dirty, and low. The whole party of five, indeed, belonged to that heterogeneous line of life which belongs in the lowest and most dangerous type of New England society to-day. It is life in a place so small that it has no self-respect, so new that it has no leader, among people so heterogeneous that it has no public opinion, and so poor that it has no ambition. A few years ago, a lady in the next town noticed this outcast outskirt. She could at least form a Sunday-class there. She did. She induced other people to take hold. She hired a forlorn liquor-shop, turned out the bar, and put in lamps and newspapers for a reading room. She showed that she meant tenderness and love. She showed that she had no selfish purpose of grinding axes. She made those roughs respect them, and so to respect themselves. Step by step, the class became a little church, the reading-room the beginning of civilization. It was at her funeral, they tell me, that four of these five made public consecration of their lives to like service of God, because they thought that thus they would best please her. I believe they thought truly.

With such narratives of life right around us, I might go on indefinitely. I remember, indeed, the statement of our dear friend Starr King, who used to say that to such practical descriptions of the improvement in social affairs, such concrete description of personal duty, nine-tenths of our public meetings for religion were due. I am quite clear that one of our worst failures is at the point where, having resolved like angels, we drop back into the old matter-of-fact life, and do just what we did before, because we have always done it, and because everybody does it, and because our fathers and mothers did it; all which may be the very reason why we should not do it. And we shall find the answer to our question to be that the man who enters on infinite purposes lives the infinite life. He enlarges his life by every experience of life. This is what the Catechisms and the older books call "life to the glory of God." Those people knew that such life was of the very largest.

I think that, even as I have read these letters, you have reflected that these people, at least, found life worth living. It is quite clear that that sceptical question never offered itself to them. They had quite too much at heart and in hand. There is more involved than in Clarkson's epigram. They asked him how it was with his soul while he was suppressing the slave-trade. "Soul!" he said. "I forgot I had a soul." Take hold with God in his steady work of lifting up the world; and you shall fairly forget that there are these grasshoppers and crickets screaming and chirping and asking questions around you. This is true, even if they aspire so far, in their wrangling disputations, as to doubt whether there be any world, be any heaven, be any God, or any life worth living. Let your vine blossom and bear fruit, let the fruit ripen and hang in fragrant and luscious bunches heavy upon the bough, and you

do not put the knife to the bark, to see if the vine is alive. Nay; you do not argue with any one who asks you if it be worth the manure you spread upon its roots. Live in the life which enlarges, live with all your might in the Life of God, and you forget that any one has asked whether life is worth living.

I met the other day a physician in very large practice,—one of those men that live in the joy of success, in leaving those happier for whom he has been caring. He happened to say that he had before him that night a long ride across a country which I knew to be desolate, that he might strike a night train after a consultation. "Will it not be splendid?" he said. Well, I was carnal enough to say that I did not think it would. It would be dark as Egypt, he would be tired, and he would see and hear nothing. And his answer was an unconscious rebuke to me. "Oh, they are ploughing now and I shall get the whole smell of the spring." He added in a moment, "Is it not such fun to have life crowded full?" I went away, thanking God for one man more who could find, and was glad to find, the tokens of love; for a man who could ride ten miles, and in darkness, and, if he could only smell, could feel, as he rode, that the Power which rules the world rules it in perfect love.

It is not life to wake and sleep and devour. Unless the tree grows, though it were in December, it does not live. But if I seek God,—nay, if I serve God,—if I use to infinite purpose the Infinite Power which I have, and know I have, I find what life is. He who finds that does not doubt what he has found. He forgets that other men have asked whether it be worth their while to live.—*Edward Everett Hale.*

THE STILL HOUR.

PROMISES OF GOD.

Ask, and ye shall receive.—*John* xvi. 24.

He will fulfil the desire of them that fear him.—*Psalm* cxlv. 19.

I will bless thee, and thou shalt be a blessing.—*Genesis* xii. 2.

Every one that asketh receiveth.—*Matthew* vii. 8.

Thou shalt call, and the Lord shall answer. —*Isaiah* lviii. 9.

Call upon me in the day of trouble.—*Psalm* l. 15.

While they are yet speaking, I will hear.—*Isaiah* lxv. 24.

The prayer of faith shall save the sick.—*James* v. 16.

Draw nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to you.—*James* iv. 8.

Let us draw near with a true heart.—*Hebrews* x. 22.

Let us come boldly unto the throne of grace.—*Hebrews* iv. 16.

If ye seek him, he will be found of you.—2 *Chronicles* xv. 2.

Your father knoweth what things ye have need of.—*Matthew* vi. 8.

Seek ye first the kingdom of God.—*Matthew* vi. 33.

Pray without ceasing.—1 *Thessalonians* v. 17.

"Still, still with Thee when purple morning breaketh,
When the bird waketh and the shadows flee;
Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight
Dawns the sweet consciousness I am with Thee."—*H. B. Stowe.*

At last we think nothing about dying, but more and more about living. We do not desire to die in order to go to God, for God is with us here on this side as much as on the other. He teaches us that he, the Infinite Presence, the boundless Tenderness, whose joy is to pour himself out in nature as a ceaseless Creator, to make his myriad creatures full of gladness here, is the same God who will be with us there. What matters it, when we cross the line which divides this world from the next? It is only an imaginary line, like that which divides two States of our Union. When we pass into the other life, there will be the same God above, and the same soul within; the same beauty around in nature; work to do, objects of knowledge, loving hearts, benign friendships, and eternal progress. Therefore, we keep up our activities to the end; and, though the outward man perishes, the inward man is renewed day by day.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking "*Shall* I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed here.

OFFERS.

Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass., offers the following books: "Life of Queen Elizabeth," by Agnes Strickland; "Masterman Ready," by Captain Marryat; "Jackanapes," by Juliana Ewing; "Cranford," by Mrs. Gaskell.

REQUESTS.

1. I should be pleased to receive any kind of reading matter. I especially like the *Youth's Companion*. I will distribute reading among my friends. Mrs. Ida M. Wann, Foreston, Texas.

2. I am a missionary Baptist. I should be so glad to hear from any of the ladies, and should appreciate any reading matter. I have a husband and five children, one boy eight years old and baby eighteen months old and three girls. Mrs. George W. Ross, Dodson, Patrick Country, Virginia.

3. I should like to ask for a birthday letter party on June 27. I shall be forty-two years of age, and wish the members would remember me with a good book or a bright, sunny letter. I have five little children to care for, and I hardly ever go away from home. I should like a Webster's Dictionary. My pastor's name is Rev. David Brackett, Belfast, Maine. Mrs. Arthur J. Smith, Monroe Centre, Maine.

4. Leander Lewis, John Lewis, C. Will Lewis, all of Nolensburg, Kentucky, will be grateful for *Youth's Companion* and any other periodical interesting to young boys.

5. Miss Katherine Petit of Pine Mountain Settlement School, Pine Mountain, Harlan County, Kentucky, writes: "It is hard to get freight here, although if you send it in a strong wooden box we shall get it in the course of time. The post rider comes across Pine Mountain three times a week, and if things are well wrapped up they will reach us safely. If they are put in a cloth bag, there is no danger of their breaking loose, as they so often do from paper and string. We like to have periodicals sent to us regularly when people are through reading them; but it is hardly worth while to send them in boxes. I am sending a list of people to whom you may send periodicals and who will appreciate them very much indeed. Mrs. Enoch Howd, Ross Point, Harlan County, Kentucky; Miss Bertha Lewis, Pine Mountain, Kentucky; Miss Mary Ann Begley, Pine Mountain, Kentucky; Miss Phronie Baker, Pine Mountain, Kentucky; Mrs. R. W. Lewis, Incline, Harlan County, Kentucky. With heartiest thanks for helping us."

6. The *Christian Register* is asked for by Miss Sallie Knott, Stovall, North Carolina.

7. Bible Stories for the little folks is asked for by Mrs. D. A. Monroe, Manchester, North Carolina.

8. I live in the mountains, very much out of the way, twelve miles from the railroad. I have three children, a girl five years old; two boys, one three—the youngest one. I should be glad of some good reading for husband, myself, and something suitable for my children. Mrs. Minnie Witt, Ironsburg, Tennessee.

9. I should like to receive books on ancient history, literature, poetry, any educational work, studies in science, a standard work on psychology. Benjamin F. Capps, Hendersonville, R. R. 1, Box 112, North Carolina.

10. This is the first time that I have asked for any reading from you. I would rather read than do anything else. I am not able to buy books and magazines. Should be so glad to get a teacher's Bible; also some good novels and magazines. Should rather have "The Footpath Way," Torrey; "A New England Nun," Wilkins; "Jupiter Lights," Woolson; *Scribner's Magazine; Good Housekeeping;* also *Pictorial Review*. Back numbers will be all right. If I cannot get the ones I have asked for, please send me just whatever you can and I will not ask for more soon. Will pass the reading on to others. Should be glad of a nice little story book for eight-years-old sister. Miss Eva R. Greer, Skipwith, Virginia, R. 1.

11. I thank the many *Cheerful Letter* friends for the reading in the past which has been sent me. I should be so very lonely without it. Also, the pieces for patch-work were much appreciated. Should be grateful for another "shower." Any reading ap-

preciated. Should like some little cards for my little boy. Mrs. G. L. Roberson, Elamsville, Virginia, Box 22.

12. Cards for children will be acceptable to Mrs. Kate Reynolds, Stella, Virginia.

13. I have been receiving the *National Geographic Magazine* for months from one of your members, who informs me that she cannot send me any more as the subscription has expired. I shall miss it so very much as I have enjoyed it more than any other reading matter that I have had. The last number she has sent me is February. I wonder if there is not some one who will continue sending it to me. Mrs. H. D. Brainerd, Captiva, Florida, Lee County.

14. Miss Mary Dameron, Amherst, Virginia, is anxious to obtain for a pupil "Evangeline"; "Silas Marner"; "Robinson Crusoe"; "Leatherstocking Tales" or any first year high school classics.

15. Mrs. Carrie B. Frye, Peak, Oregon, living on a homestead claim, writes a most interesting letter and surely needs our help. They live thirty miles from any church, twenty miles from railroad, eleven from store and post-office, eight from school,—so her boys twelve and fourteen years of age can attend only every other day. The teacher outlines the work and the mother teaches them the other days at home. They are very lonely; all love to read and will be grateful for *Country Gentleman, McClure's, Cosmopolitan, World's Work, Review of Reviews, Popular Mechanics,* "The Crisis," "Story of Garfield"; any or all of these will be appreciated. Mrs. Frye adds that in the two and a half years she has lived in Peak she has not been to the store, has not heard a sermon, or a song, or any music except the birds and brook.

16. *My dear Mrs. Nichols,*—I have a request for music for the harp and piano for a deserving student. Kindly insert this in the *Cheerful Letter.* Mrs. J. B. Kline, 103 Western Avenue, Topeka, Kansas.

17. I should be very glad to join your book club and receive some magazines and books after some one has read them. I should also like to receive letters and cards from girls, for I am out in the country and am very lonesome. I will refer you to Rev. T. J. Hudson, Bassett, Virginia. Address Miss Selma Goode, Henry, Virginia, R. F. D.

LETTERS FROM REV. JAMES A. THOMS.

[If any of our members visit the Adirondack this summer, they may find it interesting to call upon Mr. Thoms and see something of the wonderful missionary work he is doing in that region. The work is as remarkable and unique in its way as that of Dr. Grenfell in Labrador. We sent Mr. Thoms a little box of books last spring for the beginning of a Library. Three years ago Mr. Thoms went to the Adirondack under sentence of death. His doctors told him that he could live only a few months. His health has, however, improved, and he has devoted himself to missionary work of which the importance can scarcely be estimated. We give below extracts from some of his letters received during the last year. They show in a graphic manner the sufferings of the people of that region, especially the women and the children, and the amount of good Mr. Thoms has accomplished with very small means and little assistance from outside. One of the most remarkable results has been a small hospital which is self-supporting or almost so, a witness to the economy and wisdom of Mr. Thoms's methods. His post-office address is Box 125, Jay, Essex County, New York, but those wishing to send a box or barrel of books will have to send it to Au Sable Forks, as that is the freight station for that region.—L. F. C.]

FEB. 19, 1914.

I have a parish of eight hundred or more rough men in these mountains. If I had funds to keep a Ford auto for the State roads and to hire livery for the mountain roads I could do much more, as I am the only worker reaching out to the Lumber Jacks in these parts of the Adirondacks.

I have been greatly helped by your father, Channing, Hale and Lyman Abbott.

FEB. 26, 1914.

Next week I shall drive eighteen miles into the lumber camps back of the far-famed Keene valley and preach three days to young lumbermen of pure New England ancestry. If you could secure me books to loan to them—poems, history, memoirs, good novels, lives of great statesmen, etc.—much good can be done. A Shakespeare in good print would help. Their lights are small and call for clear type. My freight station is Au Sable Forks, New York, also National Express there. From there we rely on stage and freight teams for six to thirty miles. Before I came here, nothing was done for this lumber camp work, and I have a ter-

ritory of twenty-six camps for thirty miles around my parish in this beautiful Au Sable Valley. The men were degenerating into manly savages, but their old New England blood responds splendidly to my songs and practical sermons. I give three days a week to them by consent of my church.

If any members of your "Cheerful Letter Exchange" ever come up here for a summer, I would take great pleasure in showing them this romantic side of my labors. A purely voluntary one, yet perhaps fully as important as my parish work, for I reach hundreds of men in their young manhood that would otherwise degenerate into wrecks of intemperance and vice by middle life.

MARCH 9, 1914.

I found your letter on returning from a four days' trip (20 miles each way) up into Mt. Marcy, two thousand feet up, to three lumber camps there,—Italians—Spanish—and Americans. Many had frozen hands and feet. (I froze my right cheek.) I brought out one Spaniard to the hospital and doctored and preached to the others. The trip was costly but necessary, aye, imperative.

I would enjoy the *Outlook* a lot and could pass them along. The same with the Boston Sunday *Herald*.

I expect to visit a lumber camp in Black Mountains, eight miles back of Jay, tomorrow.

MARCH 20, 1914.

I have been quite ill for two days, from exposure to melting snow doing work up on the gulf mountains. The snow is from four to eight feet in the woods and two feet in the "tote" roads, mostly sleet and slush, as the thermometer has gone up to 34 degrees above instead of 20 below zero.

But I am a great deal better to-day, although weak from fever.

I can place the pamphlets well and will start a lending library with the other books when they come from the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

APRIL 19, 1914.

Concerning the auto and my medical plans, of course you know that I was expressing to you my ideals for carrying on this work in this great neglected field Providence has thrust upon me. (Yet the needs are real.)

I have induced a trained nurse from the city, who needs this mountain air, to open a little hospital in an old summer boarding house, and she will run it as a sanitarium for city folks in the summer, and as a hospital for my lumber folks in the fall, winter, and spring. She will nurse my folks in return for my medical (and spiritual) help to her summer folks. The need of a hospital like this came forcibly home to me Saturday. I preached over a little baby of thirteen months, dead from whooping cough running into pneumonia, and my scientific aid called in too late. It was really ignorance and neglect killed the babe, the eighth out of a family of seventeen children, in this hunter's family—parents forty years old, they marry at fifteen and sixteen—ignorance killed the entire eight. The two most prominent things in their hut were an armory of fine fowling pieces and a lot of fishing tackle. Add to this a table, a chair or two, a dilapidated stove and beds and you can picture the two rooms and loft. They bring me fresh trout in gratitude.

I have one young married man, a descendant of pure New England stock, under treatment for dipsomania, and as he has kept sober for six months, instead of getting drunk nearly every day, I think I have saved a home there and blessed his young wife.

I have formed my young people's Bible Class into an Alpha Club (very liberal, taking in any or no belief, from Roman Catholics to Free-thinkers if they promise to be courteous and moral). I have been drilling this club in a Temperance and Patriotic Drama, and they gave it last night to an audience of three hundred.

MAY 7, 1914.

I am planning a long trip of sixty miles along the Boreas and Schoon Rivers in Middle Essex, where over five hundred men are driving logs down the river. I shall carry my medical and surgical grips along.

We hope to print some more extracts of Mr. Thoms's letters in the July-August number.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

I FORGOT.

How many times a day do you say "I forgot"? Perhaps you are told overnight, "Be sure to get up early so as to wash and dress properly, so as to have time to resolve to do your duty for that day and to ask God to give you strength to do it, so as to look after your lessons, so as to be promptly at the breakfast table, so as to be in good season at school." To have to say five times "I forgot" before the day has fully begun, is a bad omen for the success of the day.

When called to answer in the class, having hurried your breakfast and run to school, and not having refreshed your memory, you are obliged to say, "I forgot," and lose your place in the class. When play time comes, if a boy jostles you so you lose your game, you forget the quiet talk with your mother last Sunday afternoon, when you promised yourself to control your hasty temper and by not speaking the angry word keep from giving or receiving the angry blow. Or, you forget at Sunday-school what your kind and patient and tired teacher said about giving attention to the lesson, and, above all, to the reading of the Scriptures and the singing of the hymn. When you return from day school you forget your mother's headache, and rush in, slamming doors. How I wish boys would learn that there is nothing manly in making a noise! Full of spirits, what a good time you mean to have helping Jack rake the hay, and drive the cows from pasture. Why will you forget that all are not so young as you, and so often pain those you truly love? Forgetting, sometimes, causes great trouble and sorrow.

You may have heard of fairy god-mothers. In the olden times it was believed that when the dear baby was put in the cradle around it hovered its fairy god-mother, who blessed the child with beauty, wealth, and goodness. Now I should like to be a fairy god-mother to the boys and girls who read this paper, and give them the great gift of thoughtfulness. I read a story not long since in which the little girl, who was the heroine, had a kind heart and did not mean to do wrong, disobeyed her mother and got into a great deal of trouble because she had formed the bad habit of forgetting. I suppose in the course of a day she oftener said "I forgot" than any other words. At last her younger brother was very much hurt, almost died, because she forgot to obey her mother. Ah, the bitter tears she shed! She did not forget them. From them she learned the lesson repeated so often in vain. "I did not think," there lies the secret of your troubles in those little words, "I did not think," "I forgot."

It may be, my dears, that you will have a hard life as you grow up. But it will sweeten the hardest lot to be able to look back and say, "Well, it was bright when I was a child, I had a happy time then with father and mother and brother and sister, I did my little part toward making it happy." But one does not have that joy if he remembers he was always saying "I forgot."

And now, my dears, good-by for the present. Your fairy god-mother bids you remember that "Wasted minutes steal hours," and, also, reminds you of the old Spanish proverb, "By the street of By-and-by we reach the house of Never."

BIOGRAPHY.

LA FAYETTE.

(*Continued from May number.*)

On the 5th of November, 1789, occurred a scene of the most fearful character. It was rumored at Paris that the king and his family at Versailles had denounced the revolution. At this moment the populace was suffering from famine, and being told that the scarcity was caused by the monarch, the cry arose, "To Versailles for bread." Like a flood of boiling lava, the tide of people rolled toward Versailles. The king and the royal family had been sacrificed to the fury of the mob but for the aid of La Fayette. Placing himself at the head of a detachment of troops, he rushed to the scene of action, and conducted them in safety to Paris.

From the commencement of the revolution, La Fayette refused all pecuniary compensation and every unusual appointment or trust. Not a dignity known to the ancient monarchy, or suggested by the disorder of the times, but was tendered to him and refused. More than once it was proposed to create him Field Marshal, Grand Constable, Lieutenant-general of the kingdom. The titles of dictator and commander-in-chief of the armies of France were successively proposed to him, but in vain. Knowing that the representatives of the great federation of the National Guards, who repaired to Paris in 1790, designed to invest him with the formal command of this immense military force, he hastened a passage of the decree of the Assembly, forbidding any person to exercise the right of more than one district; and having at the close of a review been conducted to the National Assembly by an immense and enthusiastic throng, he took that occasion to mount the tribune and announce the intention of returning to private life as soon as the preparation of the constitution should be completed.

On the recurrence of the anniversary of the destruction of the Bastile, on the 14th of July, 1790, the labors of the Assembly, in the formation of the constitution, were so far advanced that it was deemed expedient, by a grand act of popular ratification, to give the sanction of France to the principles on which it was founded.

The place assigned for the ceremony was

the Champs-de-Mars, and the act itself was regarded as a grand act of federation, by which the entire population of France, through the medium of an immense representation, engaged themselves to each other, by solemn oaths and imposing rites, to preserve the constitution, the monarchy, and the law. In front of the military school at Paris, and near the river Seine, a vast plain was marked out for the imposing pageant. Innumerable laborers were employed, and still greater multitudes of volunteers co-operated with them, in preparing a vast embankment, disposed on terraces, and covered with turf.

The entire population of the capital and its environs, from the highest to the lowest condition of life, of both sexes, and of every profession, was engaged, from day to day, and from week to week, in carrying on the excavation. The academies and schools, the official bodies of every description, the trades and the professions, and every class and division of the people, repaired, from morning to night, to take part in the work, cheered by the instruments of a hundred full orchestras, and animated with every sport and game in which an excited and cheerful populace gives vent to its delight.

It was the perfect saturnalia of liberty; the meridian of the revolution, when its great and unquestioned benefits seemed established on a secure basis, with as little violence and bloodshed as could be reasonably expected in the tumultuous action of a needy, exasperated, and triumphant populace. The work was at length completed, the terraces were raised, and three hundred thousand spectators were seated in the vast amphitheatre. A gallery was elevated in front of the military school and in its centre was a pavilion above the throne. In the rear of the pavilion was prepared a stage, on which the queen, the dauphin, and the royal family were seated. The deputed members of the federation, eleven thousand for the army and navy, and eighteen thousand for the National Guard of France, were arranged in front, within a circle formed by eighty-three lances planted in the earth, adorned with the standards of the eighty-three departments. In the midst of the Champs-de-Mars, the centre of all eyes, with nothing above it but the canopy of heaven, arose a magnificent altar—the loftiest ever raised on earth. Two hundred priests, in white surplices, with the tricolor as a girdle, were disposed on the steps of the altar, on whose spacious summit, mass was performed by the bishop of Autun. On the conclusion of the religious ceremony, the members of the federation and the deputies of the Assembly advanced to the altar, and took the oath of fidelity to the nation, the constitution, and the king. The king himself assumed the name and rank of chief of the federation, and bestowed the title of its major-general on La Fayette. The king took the oath on his throne, but La Fayette, as the first citizen of France, advancing to the altar at the head of thirty thousand deputies, and in the name of the mighty mass of the National Guard amidst the plaudits of nearly half a million of his fellow-citizens, in the presence of all that was most illustrious and excellent in the kingdom, whose organized military power he represented as their chief, took the oath of fidelity to the nation, the constitution, and the king. Of all the oaths that day taken by the master-spirits of the time, his was, perhaps, the only one kept inviolate.

The powers of Europe at length roused themselves to action, and began to draw their threatening armies around France. Armies were raised by the latter country to meet them. La Fayette was charged with the command of one of them. At his headquarters at Sedan he heard of the bloody tragedy of the 10th of August, and the imprisonment of the royal family. Agents were sent to the departments; the bloody scenes of Paris were enacted there. The reign of terror was now established, and commissions were sent to the army to arrest the generals, and La Fayette among the rest.

He had no choice but to deluge the country with blood by resistance, or to save himself by flight. He adopted the latter course, but was taken by a military force at Liège, and being dragged from fortress to fortress, was at last lodged in the dungeons of Magdeburg. From this place he was transferred to the emperor of Germany, and immured in the gloomy castle of Olmutz, in Moravia.

Cut off from the world, and closely confined, the health of the noble captain gave way, and it was not till several unsuccessful efforts had been made that a mitigation of his sufferings was allowed. He was now permitted to take the air, and this afforded an opportunity to effect his liberation. Dr. Eric Bollman, a young German physician, and Mr. Huger, of South Carolina, engaged in this chivalrous enterprise; and through their exertions, he made his escape. But a series of unfortunate accidents occurred, and he was retaken and carried back to Olmutz. Bollman and Huger were also taken, and confined in close prisons for six months,

when they were set at liberty. La Fayette was now treated with double severity; he was stripped of every comfort; denied decent clothing; kept in a dark room; fed on bread and water; and told that he was soon to be executed on the scaffold.

Nor were these personal sufferings his only source of anxiety. No tidings were permitted to reach him from his wife and children; and the last intelligence he had received from her was, that she was confined in prison at Paris. There she had been thrown during the reign of terror. Her grandmother the Duchess de Noailles, her mother the Duchess de Argen, and her sister the Countess de Noailles, had perished in one day on the scaffold. She was herself reserved for the like fate, but the downfall of Robespierre preserved her. During her imprisonment, her great anxiety was for her son, George Washington La Fayette, then just attaining the age at which he was liable to be forced by the conscription into the ranks of the army. The friendly assistance of two Americans saved him.

Relieved from anxiety on account of her son, the wife of La Fayette was resolved, with her daughters, if possible, to share his captivity. Just escaped from the dungeons of Robespierre, she hastened to plunge into those of the German emperor. This admirable lady, who, in the morning of life, had sent her youthful hero from her side, to fight the battles of constitutional freedom, beneath the guidance of Washington, now went to immure herself with him in the gloomy cells of Olmutz. Born, brought up, accustomed to all that was refined, luxurious and elegant, she went to shut herself up in the poisonous wards of his dungeon; to partake of his wretched fare; to share his daily repeated insults; to breath an atmosphere so noxious and intolerable, that the jailers, who brought them their food, were compelled to cover their faces as they entered their cells.

(To be continued.)

NATURAL HISTORY.

A TALK ABOUT BIRDS.

One bright morning, when the yellow dandelions were shining out like so many gold dollars in the green grass, and the brooks were chattering and purling to each other, and small eyebrights were looking up from the turf like flocks of little white sheep, a little boy, whom we shall call Jamie, found, all of a sudden, that his school had stopped, and he had come to the first day of his vacation.

So says Jamie to himself, "What shall I do all day long?" After a while he thought he would take a basket, and go over into a neighboring field, and gather some eyebrights and violets to dress flower vases for his mamma.

Well, over the fence he went and wandered far off into the field; and there he met two strange boys, larger than he, whose names were Will Drake and Charles Jones.

"Hulloa!" said one of the boys to him; "come along with us—we are going to have fun. We have got our pockets full of stones, and we are going to kill birds with them; it's the best fun in the world."

Now, Jamie was a thoughtless little fellow, and when another boy asked him to do a thing, at it he went at once, without so much as thinking whether it was right or not; so he filled his pockets with stones, and began running and shouting with the other boys. "Hulloa! there's a chipping bird," said one; "I'll hit him." "Look at that robin!" bawled another; "send a stone at him. Oh, there's a bluebird! now for him!" I am happy to say that these boys missed their hits, generally, for they had much worse intentions than they had skill to execute.

While they were thus running about, a nice white cat came stepping along the top of a fence, putting down her paws as daintily as any lady. "Hulloa! there's a cat; now for fun," shouted Will Drake, as he let fly a stone, and then dashed after the cat. Puss was frightened, and scampered with all her might; and all three of the boys joined chase after her, and came tumbling, one after another, over the back yard fence of the place where Jamie lived.

Now, Jamie's mother had been sitting at her window watching the whole affair; and now she stood up, and called, in a very quiet way, "Jamie, come up here; I have something to show you."

The other two boys slunk away a little. Jamie came up into his mother's room, all panting and hot, and began, "Mamma, what do you want to show me?"

Now Jamie's mamma was a very kind and tender-hearted woman, and nothing seemed more dreadful to her than cruelty to any animal. Now, some mothers, who felt as she did, would have seized Jamie by the arm, and said, "Here, you naughty boy; I saw you stoning birds over in the lot; if you ever do such a thing again, I shall punish you." But Jamie's mother had reflected about these things, and made up her mind that when little boys did cruel things, it was more because they were *thoughtless* than because they at heart were cruel; and therefore,

instead of blaming him harshly, she set out to make him *think*.

So, when Jamie came in, she washed his heated face and hands, and then took from a drawer a small black box, which she wound up with a key like a watch-key. As soon as the box was set down, it began to play a most beautiful tune, and Jamie was astonished and delighted.

"What a curious box!" said he; "who did make it?"

"I do not know," said mother; "but why do you think it is curious?"

"Why, it is curious to see a musical instrument shut up in such a little box. Why, I could carry this about in my pocket. I wish 'twas mine, and I'd set it a-going, and put it in my pocket, some day, and then I could make the boys stare."

"But," said his mother, "if you think it strange to see a musical instrument put in a little box, what would you think if I could tell you of one which was put in a bird's throat?"

"In a bird's throat!" said Jamie; "who ever heard of such a thing?"

"Well," answered his mother, "there is a boy in this room who has been listening this morning to a little instrument which is inside of a bird's throat, and which can make sweeter music than this box; and yet he did not seem to wonder at it at all."

Jamie looked wonderingly at his mother.

"When you went into the fields, did you not hear robins and bluebirds playing on little instruments in their throats, and making all sorts of sweet sounds? Look now at your little canary-bird hanging in the window, and see when he sings how his throat trembles."

"Oh, I know what you mean now," said Jamie; "you mean my little canary-bird is like a music box. Well, but what sort of an instrument has he got in his throat? I'm sure I don't know."

"Why, he has a little, fine, soft flute, that can play as many notes as a piano."

"A flute in his throat," said Jamie, laughing; "what a funny idea!"

"It is even so," said his mother. "The little pipe through which the canary-bird plays his tunes is more curiously made than any flutes which any instrument-maker ever formed; it is so small, yet so perfect; it fits into his throat so easily as never to interrupt his eating or breathing; and it turns whichever way he bends his head. Now, did you ever hear of any musical instrument that was as curious as this?"

"Now, it is strange," said Jamie; "I might have heard a bird sing a month, and never have thought of all this; but now I do think of it, it seems very curious.

"But, mother, what is this little flute made of?"

"It is made of little elastic rings."

"Elastic! what is that?" said Jamie.

"Why, like India rubber, springy and easily bent; and its being made of so many little elastic rings is the reason why he can turn and bend his throat without any inconvenience, which he could not do if it were a straight, stiff pipe, like a flute.

"But," continued his mother, "these little bright eyes that your bird has are more wonderful than anything I have yet told you of; but the contrivance is so very complicated that I do not think I can make you understand it."

"What is *complicated?*" said Jamie.

"The machinery inside of my watch is *complicated*, that is, it is made up of a great many parts which answer many different purposes. And there is a machinery inside of one of those little bird's eyes that is more complicated still."

"What, that little dot of an eye, not bigger than a pin head?"

"Well, let me tell you; inside of that little eye is a contrivance by which, when the bird is looking at you, an exact picture of you is painted on the back of his eye."

"It must be a very *small* picture," said Jamie.

"Of course it is," said his mother, "but still it is a picture exactly like you; every line and color in your face is painted exactly on the back of that little eye."

"Pray, how is it done?" said Jamie.

"That, my dear boy, is the machinery which I told you was so complicated that I cannot hope to make you understand it. There is a contrivance just like it in your own eye, and in the eye of every animal; but it is more curious in a bird's eye, because it is so very small."

"What, do we all have pictures painted on the back of our eyes? Is that the way we see?"

"Yes, that is the way; and when you are older you will be able to understand the wonderful and beautiful contrivance by which this is done. It has cost learned men much study to find it out, and they have discovered that the way in which the eye of a bird is made in some respects is more curious than our own."

"Well, mamma," said Jamie, "you have convinced me of one thing; and that is, that there is a great deal more to be

learned about a little bird than I ever supposed."

"But, Jamie, I have not yet told you half. Every bone in this little bird's body is as carefully made and finished as if that *bone* were the only thing the Creator had to make; and the joints of them are curiously contrived, so that the little fellow can hop, and spring, and turn all day, and yet nothing grates or gets out of order. They all move so springy and easily, that I doubt whether he ever thought that he had a joint in his body or not. Then he has contrivances in his little stomach for dissolving his food, and turning it into blood, and he has blood vessels to carry it all over his body, and he has nerves to feel with, and he has muscles to move with."

"Now, mamma, I don't know what nerves and muscles are," said Jamie.

"Nerves are what you feel with. You eat, and the nerves of your mouth give you your *taste*. The nerves of your nose give you *smell*. The nerves of your eyes *see*, and the nerves of your ears enable you to *hear*, and the nerves that cover your whole body enable you to *feel*. These nerves all come from a very large nerve, that runs down through the middle of your backbone, and which is commonly called the spinal marrow; and they go through the whole body, dividing and branching out, till they form a network covering the whole of it, so that you cannot put the point of a pin anywhere without touching a nerve."

"Mother, has a bird just such nerves?"

"Very much the same."

"And what are muscles?"

"Did you ever pull a piece of lean meat into little strings?" said his mother.

"Yes," said Jamie.

"Well, a muscle is a bundle of such little strings, and these strings generally end in a strong, tough cord, called a tendon. This muscle has the power of shrinking up short, like India rubber; and when it shrinks it pulls the tendon, and the tendon pulls whatever it is fastened to. I can show you some tendon in a moment. Pull the back of your hand; don't you find that there is a tough, hard cord runs down from every finger? These are tendons. Now take hold tight round your arm, and shut up your hand."

Jamie did so, and exclaimed, "Oh, mother, when I shut up my hand, I feel something move up here by my elbow."

"That is the muscle," said his mother; "you feel it drawing up short, and it pulls the tendons, and these tendons pull down your fingers."

Jamie amused himself some time with opening and shutting his hand, and then he said,—

"Well, are all the movements that we make done in the same way, by muscles and tendons?"

"Yes," said his mother, "and all the motions of the animals. There are dozens and dozens of muscles, shrinking, and stretching, and pulling about in little Cherry every few moments, and yet none of them wear out, or break, or get out of order, or give him the least trouble."

"I guess Cherry don't think much about them," said Jamie, as he watched the little fellow hopping about in his cage.

"Poor little Cherry," said his mother, "he cannot understand how much God has done for him, with what watchful care he has made his little body, how carefully he has guarded it from all kinds of suffering, and how many beautiful contrivances there are in it to make him happy."

"No, indeed," said Jamie; "if he did he would love God."

"Well, Jamie," said his mother, "how should you feel, if you had contrived some curious and beautiful little plaything, and just as you had it all nicely finished off, some boy should come along with a great stick, and knock it all to pieces?"

"Feel?" said Jamie; "why, I should be mad enough."

"And suppose that some gentleman should invite you and two or three other boys to his house, and should show you into a large hall full of most beautiful pictures, and looking-glasses, and flowers, and every kind of beautiful things, and you should amuse yourselves with breaking his looking-glasses, and beating down his flowers, and pulling to pieces all his curious and beautiful things; how do you think he would feel?"

"Why, I should think he would feel very angry, to be sure."

"Well, Jamie, when little boys go out into the woods and fields which God has filled with beautiful trees and flowers, and with hundreds of happy little birds, all so curiously and beautifully made, and amuse themselves only with throwing stones at them, and killing them, must not God be displeased?"

"Certainly, I should think he must," said Jamie. After a few minutes, he added, "And it is a great deal worse to kill little birds than it is to break looking-glasses, and such things, because little birds can *feel*, you know."

"Yes," said his mother, "and the care with which God has made them shows how much he has thought about them, and how careful he has been to do all he can to make them happy. The Bible says his *tender* mercies are over all his works; he is not

merely good to everything, but he is tender and careful in all he does, as a mother is tender in taking care of a little helpless infant.

As a rule, cats are what is called "good mousers," though there are exceptions. The Animal Rescue League has many calls for cats because of this reason, and not infrequently has received letters containing excellent accounts of the cats sent out from the League similar to this example: "The cat we received from you cleared the house of rats and mice in a week, and we would not part with him for anything." As the cats sent out from the League are, with rare exceptions, domesticated males, we have proved another fallacy, that only female cats are good mousers, an error we are constantly combating.

Apart from their usefulness, cats are charming companions when well cared for. A hungry cat or dog is troublesome because their hunger makes them restless and unhappy. Many men and some women are cross when hungry. A cat or a dog is pathetic.

A contented cat radiates contentment and peace, and anybody can have a contented cat, for all that is needed to give contentment is a little love and reasonable attention to the necessities of life,—regular meals, water, a comfortable place in the house to sleep.—*Our Fourfooted Friends.*

THE FALL OF RICHMOND.

Roll not a drum, sound not a clarion note
  Of haughty triumph to the listening sky;
Hushed be the shout of joy in every throat,
  And veiled the flash of pride in every eye.

Not with Te Deums loud, and high hosannas,
  Hail we the awful victory we have won;
But with our arms reversed, and lowered banners,
  Stand we,—our work is done.

Thy work is done,—God, terrible and just,
  Who lay'st upon our hearts and hands this task,
Now kneeling with our foreheads in the dust,
  We venture—peace to ask.

Bleeding and writhing underneath our sword,
  Prostrate our brothers lie,—my fallen foe,
Struck down through us by thee, omnipotent Lord,
  By thy dread hand laid low.

For our own guilt have we been doomed to smite
  These our own kindred, thy great law defying,—
These our own flesh and blood who now unite
  For one thing with us,—bravely dying;

Dying how bravely, but how bitterly,
  Not for the better side, but for the worse;
Blindly and wearily striving against thee,
  For the bad cause where thou hast set thy curse.

At whose defeat we may not raise our voice,
  Save in the deep thanksgiving of our prayers.
Lord, we have fought the fight, but to rejoice
  Is ours no more than theirs.

Call back thy dreadful ministers of wrath
  Who have led on our hosts to this great day;
Let our feet halt in the avenger's path,
  And bid our weapons stay.

And on our land, freedom's inheritance,
  Turn thou once more the blessing of thy face;
Where nations serving thee towards light advance,
  Give us again our place.

Not our bewildering past prosperity,
  Not all thy former ill-acknowledged grace,
But this one boon,—God grant us still to be
  The home of hope for all the human race.

—*Mrs. Kemble.*

If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men.—*Romans* xii. 18.

Trust not to each accusing tongue
As most weak persons do,
But still believe that story false
Which ought not to be true.

—*Sheridan.*

Sir Baden Powell is well pleased—he has good right to be—with the striking development of character which his methods have produced amongst the Boy Scouts. He says that the beginning of August, immediately that the war was declared, orders of mobilization were sent out, and the boys were told to put themselves under orders of the Chief Constables. In the course of a very few hours a great many Boy Scouts were engaged in the duty of guarding telegraph and telephone lines, railways, bridges, and culverts. All together about a hundred thousand boys were employed in duty of this kind

throughout the country until it was taken by the Territorials.

Since that time the boys have been engaged in hospitals as clerks and messengers and in other ways. Thus some fourteen hundred boys are now doing coastguard duty in place of men who had gone to join the fleet. "I have found," says Sir Baden Powell, "that if one expects a thing of a boy he will do it, and that by interesting him in his work one gives him a sense of responsibility. By dividing boys into small groups, whether at work or play, under the leadership of fellow pupils, one gets *esprit de corps*. A sense of honor is so encouraged in the boys, and every boy can be relied on to do his best to carry out any job to which he is put."

There are now in various countries of the world about seven hundred thousand Boy Scouts, of whom two hundred thousand are in this country. Girls are now joining the Girl Guides Association in thousands, not only in Great Britain but in Australia, America, Denmark, and other countries. They devote their energy chiefly to first aid, hospital work, convalescent nursing, laundry work, and cooking. This development of health handicraft, ready service to others, trustworthiness, honor, and the knowledge how to enjoy open-air life will stand these girls in good stead in their after lives. We may cite, as an example of what is being done by the Girl Guides movement, one patrol leader who wears badges for proficiency as a housekeeper, linguist, gymnast, naturalist, cook, laundry woman, first-class guide, and for first aid and child nursing.

THE WITNESS OF EARTH TO HEAVEN.

What sweetness on Thy Earth doth dwell!
  How precious, Lord, these gifts of Thine!
Yet sweeter messages they tell,
  These earnests of delights divine.

Yes! glory out of glory breaks,
  More than the gift itself is given:
Each gift a glorious promise makes;
  Thine Earth doth prophesy of Heaven.

These mighty hills we joy to climb,
  These happy streams we wander by,
Reveal the Eternal Hills sublime,—
  Of God's own river prophesy.

These odors blest, these gracious flowers,
  These sweet sounds that around us rise,
Give tidings of the Heavenly Bowers,
  Prelude the Angelic Harmonies.

These vernal hours—what news they bring!
  What tidings these bright summers tell.
They fore-announce the Eternal Spring,
  Foreshow the Light Ineffable.

And in these gracious ones so dear,
  These just souls that our souls make strong,
We feel the holy angels near,
  We mingle with the Blissful Throng.

O mercies kindly incomplete!
  Dear joys our hearts that may not fill!
Strange grace! that in Thy gifts most sweet
  We read of gifts diviner still.

Lord! from Thy gifts to Thee we rise;
  But with more strength we soar above
Upon these glorious prophecies,
  These earnests of Thy dearer love.

—*T. H. Gill.*

JOY IN THE WORKS OF GOD.

Not, Lord, its own dear joys alone
  This heart to rapture raise;
The grace which seemeth most my own,
  Employs not all my praise.

Each wonder of Thy hand still makes
  My gladness sweet and strong;
The glory of my God still wakes
  The glory of my song.

I walk amidst Thy beauty forth:
  My joy Thy praise declares;
I bless Thee with Thy blooming earth,
  I drink Thy vernal airs.

Those old, eternal hills of Thine,
  What mighty cheer they breathe!
What fulness of delight divine
  Thy solemn stars bequeath!

When cheer and strength my soul doth lack,
  Thy glory makes me whole:
Amidst Thy summer I win back
  The summer of my soul.

How bright Thy footsteps through all Time,
  Thy wonders from of yore!
I follow with a joy sublime:
  My rapture runneth o'er.

Lord! still will I triumphant greet
  Each wonder of Thy grace;
But then my joy will be complete
  When I behold Thy face.

—*T. H. Gill.*

What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God? (Micah, vi. 8.)

However things may seem, no evil thing is success, and no good thing is failure.—*Samuel Longfellow.*

THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, 45 Spring Lane, Canton, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication), and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

I.

HIDDEN CITIES.

The other day Tony and I passed a farm owned by Mr. Manor. Folks had gathered from afar to his sale. My, such a crowd! Many came in automobiles, but ten wagons stood there filled with men. I ran up a little rocky path to speak to Sam Mason. "Francis, come here," called Mrs. Manor. "O ma, have you anything there to eat? Roy is hungry." That made me mad. I, son of my dad, turned and went to see the Auctioneer, who was surrounded by the clan, sing-songing away, "Good buggy, gear painted buff, a low wheeled truck of great import. Landscape not whole but holy." "O, keep still," said Tony, "you're a scratch." "I, sonny? You go home;" and so we did.—*Wellspring.*

II.

CHANGED INITIALS.

I am a word of four letters, and mean to bind with a rope, thong, or chain.

Change my head, and I am a fine mixture of meal or bran and water fed to animals.

Change my head again, and I am a fine eruption on the body.

Again, and I am a scarf worn about the waist.

Again, and I am to clean anything in water.

III.

ADDITIONS.

1. Add one hundred to an adverb meaning the whole quantity or quality of and make to command or request to be present.

2. Add five hundred to a kind of liquor and make a low place between hills.

3. Add five to frozen water and make an instrument for holding work.

4. Add one thousand to a tree of the Olive family and make a mixture of meal or bran and water fed to animals.

5. Add fifty to the extreme point and make to grant.

IV.

TREE PUZZLE.

(*Name the trees described below.*)

The sweetest tree of all.
Tree left after a fire.
The tree that is two.
Historian's tree.
Dancing tree.
Tree that grows by the sea.
Natural healer tree.
Negro tree.
Tree for winter wear.
Mourner's tree.
Carpenter's tree.
Dandy tree.
Tree that is an insect.
Part of a glove.
Tree that fastens your clothing.
Barking tree.
Name of an author.
Tree that might preach.
Well-seasoned tree.
The bewitching tree.
Tree that don't pay its bills.
Stone tree.
Ball-player.
House cleaner.
Foreign tree.
The tree that is nice to kiss.

V.

PI.

Dan htaw si os erar sa a yda ni Enju?
Hetn, fi vere, moce repcetf syda;
Etnh Haneve retsi eht rathe fi ti eb ni nute.
Nad vore ti foslty rhe marw are yasl.

Answers to puzzles in the May number.

I. CHARACTERISTIC INITIALS.—1. Oliver Wendell Holmes. 2. James Russell Lowell. 3. William C. Bryant. 4. Ralph Waldo Emerson. 5. John G. Whittier.

II. DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Addison and Audubon.

III. SOBRIQUETS.—1. Charles XII. 2. Charles I., King of England. 3. Mary I. of England. 4. Frederick I. of Germany. 5. Ivan IV. of Russia.

IV. HALF SQUARE.—

A G A S S I Z
G E N I U S
A N I L E
S I L T
S U E
I S
Z

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is cordially invited to distribute the copies of the *Cheerful Letter* received among lonely members of his parish, shut-ins, or invalids of whom he may know. He is also invited to write to our headquarters (see address on this page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

No *theology* is disseminated in our paper. All the religious matter is intended merely to strengthen, cheer, and comfort those in need of such practical help.

Givers of books are reminded that only books of instructive or wholesome nature should be offered in the Book Club. Classics, educational works, and standard novels are always acceptable.

The present address of Mrs. Emma M. Backus is College Park, Georgia.

LIBRARY NOTICE.

The Cheerful Letter Exchange offers to start a circulating library in any small community needing one, providing proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references supplied.

Apply to Mrs. Walter G. Leith, 6 Ashton Place, Cambridge, Mass.

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

The regular monthly meeting of The Cheerful Letter Exchange, usually held on the first Friday of every month, will be omitted during the summer. Notice will be given of the first meeting in the autumn.

The work has grown so it is no longer easy for the Book Club Secretary to care for all that pertains to the Club. The following ladies have volunteered to take charge of the different interests: For Bibles, either for requests or offers, apply to Mrs. Laura Hallett, Myrtle Terrace, Winchester, Mass. For scraps for patchwork, for requests or offers, to Mrs. E. H. Brigham, 72 Walnut Street, Brookline, Mass. For music, for requests or offers, to Mrs. Thomas Lacey, 145 Grand View Avenue, Wollaston, Mass.

The Cheerful Letter Exchange offers in its *Home Study Work*, to send lessons to any one who wishes. We can help teachers at home for higher grades, or others who cannot continue their school studies. Lessons will be given in all subjects. Please apply to Miss Annie F. Hudson, 5 Alveston Street, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

THE ATTENTION OF ALL READERS OF "THE CHEERFUL LETTER" IS CALLED TO THE FOLLOWING NOTICE:—

It is a rule of the Cheerful Letter Exchange that no one may ask for money, clothing, or other articles, except books and magazines.

The name of any person who fails to obey this rule will be dropped from our list. Any worker receiving such a request should send the letter at once to headquarters.

The Chairman, Mrs. George G. Saville, is at the rooms, 25 Beacon Street, on Thursday afternoons, from 2 until 4.30 P.M.

In sending subscriptions for the *Cheerful Letter*, address The Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Subscriptions, 50 cents a year.

Chairman of Cheerful Letter Exchange, Mrs. George G. Saville, 33 Saville Ave., Quincy, Mass.

Editor of "The Cheerful Letter," Miss L. Freeman Clarke.

Book Club Secretary, Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.